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are also the highest Divine attributes, he may implant the seeds of death in many souls to whom he should be light and health. And, how shall he be a healthy teacher, if he be not, first, a healthy man—if his own soul have not attained its full and normal development, how shall he be the model of his flock?

And for all these men have we a high regard—for the merchant as the gatherer, the politician as the organizer and energizer, and the divine as the instructor. Yet should each, to perform his function well, be a perfect man, living to the highest enjoyment of every faculty included in the aggregate of the human organization: a dead soul is fit for no office. To live FULLY is to have in healthy action every power, every instinct, and every sentiment, naturally belonging to us. And just so far as we fall short of that standard, we are dead.

We shall not insist that men shall see the Deity in Nature or in Beauty, as we believe we do; it may be possible that without one genuine religious aspiration, properly so called, a man may still breathe in the life and blessed influences of Nature—he may even discredit the immortality of his own soul, and be, to a certain extent, an apostle of Beauty—into whose mind come perpetually some new embodiments of the truth of Art. He may accept Nature and deny God, being blessed in what he accepts, not in what he rejects. A belief in Nature is something, and, for our own part, we are free to say that we have little faith in that belief in God, which is without it as a basis. If we cannot love Him without first loving our brother, how can we see or feel Him unless we shall first see and be influenced by, His great manifestations? When we have learned to read the law which He has written across the firmament and the green field, and which is inscribed on the portal of every grove-temple, we shall understand better that which He gave from Sinai, and from the mountain where Christ "opened his mouth and taught." All created things are beautiful in measure and given for enjoyment, and we may be assured that if we enjoy them not, some heavenly gift has died in us, and so some note of the sweet harmonies is broken, and lost. We have no faith in the Religion which withdraws itself into gloom, and refuses to be gladdened by the joyousness of the beautiful world on which we are placed, or which does not freight its gospel with every blessing of the All-bountiful Father. There is something false in it, and something dead in its devotees.

THE TRANSITION FROM THE BEAUTIFUL TO THE UN-BEAUTIFUL

(Continued.)

WE have already assumed that the world in which the human mind takes its widest range is of its own creation. With this inherent force, it employs all the materials which surround it, to frame into being and fashion into beauty, not only the models of symmetry, on which it delights to dwell, but moulds the designs of creation into what it regards the beauty of performance and harmony of contrivance. Without presupposing this agency of mind itself, we should be at an utter loss to account for the evolutions of one and the same form of action or object, passing through the different stages of the Beautiful and the Un-Beautiful, in their relation to our individual mind.

Without this creative power of its own, we could not determine why two noted objects, precisely identical in outward appearance, should be essentially different in the influence they exert, in calling into activity the emotions affiliated with all past memories.

If man himself, therefore, can so transform by his will, all the phenomena that surround him into forms, and into a system of action that delight his understanding and nourish his imagination, we may reasonably wonder whether no absolute beauty remains in Creation; since, by his wayward fancy, he is ever changing the beautiful into the hideous and its converse, and is constantly destroying his own inventions as they pall his senses, and building up new models out of the ruins of the old.

The material of his imaginative structures comes from without, and by ceaselessly calling up that which is new, and refreshing the sense with eternal change, the æsthetic history of mind shows a wondrous development.

In the extremely difficult problem of the universality of the æsthetic sense, many points might be found to elucidate the proposition now before us.

If Nature possessed scenes of absolute beauty, with forms and groups both vegetable and animal, of positive harmony and symmetry, the virgin mind should be capable of receiving their impressions, in the first contact with them. This, we know, does not always occur. We believe that, in most cases, the highly wrought passion for Nature is the result of ideal education, commencing with a vague feeling, such as is found in many a forester, and rising into the higher cultivation by a study of all the fraternal Arts.

An expressed emotion soon gives rise to a system of unlimited emotional thought. The most simple element in Nature can originate this train of thought, and thus we find the world of idealism builds itself, less upon the scenes of absolute beauty around us, than upon the mere material which Nature suggests.

The operation of Art and Nature upon the human soul has this distinctive characteristic that, whereas the former creates a constant desire of change, the latter leaves the mind content. The Art-critic is always at work to add to the requirements of the most perfect works of Art, where it has not yet attained the adoration which time imparts to it, whereas we never hear that any

new improvement could be added to the great and striking exhibitions of primeval Nature. In all current inventions and designs of Art, novelty is the element that is ever at work to model and remodel and bring forward to the notice of one generation, what a previous one had rejected, or often to revive among the same people the fancies of a past decade. In Nature and her works, however, no such principle exists. The mind, instead of seeking and demanding a change of design, or suggesting an improvement in the wondrous scheme before it, is itself expanding by a study of the identical object. While, in the field of Art, it is always at work to fashion its own conceptions, in order to satisfy its own wants, among the natural sublimities it resorts to, it seeks no novelty outwardly, but finds that novelty a perennial spring within.

It is incident to our daily life, to fasten the affections upon objects, and places, and scenes, which, under fortuitous circumstances, excite happy emotions, and, consequently, are the unfailing and exhaustless source of the Beautiful.

But no sooner does a series of untoward events connect unpleasing associations with these subjects of our attachments, than the Beautiful loses its force, and its sway is enfeebled. The form may remain as outwardly beautiful as ever, and the symmetrical harmonies of figure please, in a modified degree, but when the sensuous thought becomes an inner reflection, clouded over with the discordant emotions of the heart's history, the soul of the beautiful sought far within, loses its existence.

As an illustration of this, let us select for our study some chosen bower of rural poesy, where rude architecture, and ancient trees, and trailing vines, and pleasant green-swards, form the embodiment of so much emotional thought and ideal purity. The outward scene is always beautified, and the mind itself revels in such pictures, especially when the life's history, that graces such abodes, heightens the enjoyment, and makes the whole scene one of the fairest of earth's visions. But should the tales of that life, with the tragedies of the affections, the desolation of the hopes, and the fall of the virtues, that constitute the symmetry of its existence, come out from the recesses of this seclusion, the Goddess of Beauty will cast a veil of doubt upon the scene, and we shall find that, for a time, the false had usurped the place of the true.

The venerable domicile, presenting the symbol of happiness without, and revealing the story of unhappiness within, forms a confused picture in the mind of the observer, and its dissonances blight all the first impressions of real beauty.

In musical composition, appropriated to certain profane uses, we find a transition of feeling from pleasure to its opposite condition, by the simple knowledge of that appropriation. A martial air may fascinate the ear by its most touching harmonies of tone, but should the mournful casualties of war and carnage become intermingled with any past recollections of the same air, the emotions of the hearer undergo a revulsion, and all its beauties commingle with the un-beautiful of its past associations.

Music itself is an emanation of the soul's emotions under all the phases of the his-

tory of feeling, yet the most airy and joyous composition can be associated with melancholy, by having been the companion of tragic events, and thus its inspiration can be converted from the pleasing into its converse, by the sudden apparition of an unforgotten past. In its contact with outward events, it may imbibe certain traits which can never be diverted from it; these, working upon the imagination, are apt to dispel the first impressions of a beautiful theme, forming a transition to the un-beautiful by recalling the tragical, the mournful, the burlesque, or the comic.

In human facial beauty, the compound qualities of æsthetic admiration are still more obvious.

We have already noticed that the purity of the observer is a postulate to all such study, wherein a physical influence operates upon him, and it is the peculiar endowment of human beauty to perfect its own construction by the interior light of purity.

We have numerous portraiture in painting and sculpture, honored by time and name, personifying the highest ideal of facial beauty, and worshiped as the models of Art. But we cannot look upon any of these creations of plastic wonder, without searching the mental qualities that are at work within the dome of thought, and asking whether the soul's designs, struggles, and aspirations, are worthy of such a fascinating structure of beautiful outline and luminous expression, as shed their light down upon us. When such disclosures are made, and revelations that teach us that the springs of extreme facial beauty are other than those of internal purity, we lose the spell, and feel, in all its force, the transition from the Beautiful to the Un-Beautiful;

To the pure observer, no reconciliation can take place between the attractions of form and the discordant elements of mental deformity. On the other hand, to the impure, we can conceive no high ideal type that can present itself, since the reflex of the perfectly and psychically beautiful is found only in the untarnished soul itself.

It is this fact that renders the spirituality of facial beauty the first condition, and places it highest in the scale of human symmetry. There are instances where innocence has fallen, where the outward temple retains its glories while the inner becomes a wreck. Should this be revealed to the observer, his enthusiasm wanes, yet his sympathies sustain, in some degree, his faltering admiration, and he dwells upon the picture as upon that of a fading reality.

Nature, with her everlasting fountains, her groves, and rocks, and variegated hues, is unalterable in the power; and in the limits of the beautiful emotions she inspires, and though she may be operated upon by the reflective action of the human mind, yet she is not susceptible of any detraction, and her power ever remains the same. We may not add to her being any superior graces of external form, or gild her brilliancy by artificial devices, nor add to her sufficiency anything which human fancy might suggest.

But in human facial beauty, the elements of its perfections and influence lie within.

What, at one period, is fascinating, at another, becomes repulsive.

What, at one time fills up the measure

of symmetry, at another, leaves us but an evidence of the desolation of all spirituality in external design.

These views apply chiefly to the living model; when facial expression, or the silent language it throws out, becomes an exhibition of Art, a new order of the Beautiful springs up, analogous to that which the tragical inspires.

Then, even vice and corrupt passion become questions of æsthetic study, and incorporate themselves with the genius and skill of the painter. Standing at this point and contemplating the Beautiful in its relative position, we are not so easily led into the comprehension of its converse, unless it be the introduction of incongruous characters, or an association of inappropriate scenes.

To allow such representations of life and human expression to appear in the picture, as both Nature and truth abhor, even in the use of discordant materials for æsthetic purposes, creates a transition to the feeling of the Un-Beautiful in the mind of the critical observer. His convictions ever point to the necessity of preserving harmony of design even in the regions of the Beautiful, which have been unfolded to us by Titian, Shakspeare, and Beethoven.

As the mind thus looks out upon the elements of its existence, studying, defining, analyzing, and revelling in all that outward imagery, action and design, which constitute the world of the Beautiful, it would seem at a loss to know where the ultimate bounds of the Un-Beautiful lie: the whole scene, like the endless apparitions of the kaleidoscope, seems to revolve in a circle, infinite and perpetual, the transient forms of the hideous and unsymmetrical serving but to lend additional force and power to their converse, and thus forming an essential part of the soul's enjoyment.

To the rude mind, the realm of the Beautiful is but a confined and limited sphere: the few objects of color, form and sound, that attract his notice, and excite his susceptibilities, remain the same throughout his circumscribed existence, and the disclosures of new feelings elicited by his contact with outward life, seldom take place.

But when observation becomes thought, and thought reflection, the world of the Beautiful grows in magnitude, with the opening of every day of man's existence.

Color, sound, taste, feeling, and even the faculty of smell, become the subject of an inner life, disclosing by the process of abstract mental labor, that, live as long as we may, each sense will employ the mind in developing something new, and that this novelty has not, and never will have any limits.

At the present day there is an arduous concurrence of thought in the direction of the Beautiful, and the palm is almost divided between its competitors in the field of color and sound. When we refer to the immense treasures of past criticism on the subject of color and form, we might be led to suppose that they furnished the widest scope for the employment of thought; but looking at the large developments, and the vast discoveries now being made in the regions of tone, and the unlimited scope for the interpretation of the works of past and living masters of the lyre, we may reasonably doubt whether the pictorial, lies deeper than the musical Art.

That neither can be fathomed, we no more believe than that we can dive to the bottom of space, or search the end of time.

In our endeavors to search out the realms of the Beautiful, to which we are admitted by the medium of the several senses, we cannot expect to arrive at the same depth in exploring all of them, that we attained to, by confining ourselves to one alone. The wine-taster and the gourmand, cultivating their mere animal emotions to a degree that becomes an æsthetic perception, and confining the mind within this sphere, arrive at a realization of enjoyment, to which he may be a stranger, whose cognizance extends to all the departments of sense. Yet the emotions to which these indulgences give rise, might be cultivated, and even exalted to an æsthetic study, could they be held within the bounds of moderation and continence, and not associated with all that leads to man's debasement.

In matters of gastronomic taste, a word-language would be needed, as well as a literature, to record sentiment and feeling, and furnish a nomenclature of the degrees, finer shades, and variations of taste and smell, the two most kindred spheres of thought.

If the degrees of these emotions could have their representation in written language, placed before the understanding, a science would rise up out of what we usually regard as a sensual enjoyment mixed up with the daily business of life. There is no doubt but that emotions come into play which are fraternal in their nature, and brought into action by the medium of all the senses, yet appear foreign to each other, through the want of a written language to record them.

Thus the realms of the Beautiful seem to lie before us, now with distinct demarcations, and each shut out from the other, ethereal and endless; and now, as we traverse them onward, and still onward, in the full maturity of our experience, and the richness of our wisdom, they occasionally blend together, and make known to us that creation is a unity of conception, and that the elevation of the soul, through the intervention of sense, is an identity.

JAMES HENRY.

A YOUNG artist will find, as he advances, that a thorough appreciation of the qualities that make painting poetic, is chiefly confined to painters, or to others whose occupations have left them much leisure to indulge a natural admiration of the Art. A great poet may feel the beauties of painting, but he does not necessarily feel them because he is a great poet, and it is possible that even Shakspeare may scarcely have known a good picture from a bad one, though there can be no doubt that his perception of a poetic incident or thought, in a picture, would have been quicker than that of most men: Coleridge has noticed that Milton, though he must have seen in his youth the greatest works of Art in Italy, makes no allusion to them in any of his writings.—*Leslie*.

SOME sight-seeing antiquaries have been chipping the Dacre Tombs at Lanercost Priory. Are antiquaries in league with Time to destroy, that they may write the sooner about the forgotten.—*Athenæum*.

A FRENCH journal speaks of a subterranean city, proposed by some American speculators. An external "smoke" pyramid is talked of as an ornament for the suburbs.—*Athenæum*.